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OUR SUNDAY VISITOR

"The chief motives which you have to eliminate DANGEROUS publications should prompt you to exercise your zeal in the diffusion of sound literature."—Cardinal Gibbons.

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

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The American Federation of Catholic Societies

FIFTEENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION TO BE HELD IN NEW YORK AUGUST 20 TO 24.

By Anthony Matre, K. S. G., National Secretary.

The American Federation of Catholic Societies will hold its Fifteenth Annual Convention in New York City, N. Y., August 20 to 24. There will meet with Federation at the same time the Catholic Press Association of the United States; the German Catholic Central Verein; the Catholic Young Men's National Union, and several other Societies.

Year by year the scope of the activities of Federation widens. This year the three American Cardinals, the Apostolic Delegate, many Archbishops and Bishops will be in attendance. During the fifteen years of Federation's existence its voice has been heard on all the burning questions of the day, such as divorce, Socialism, school-question, public morals, Mexico, etc. To all the progress made by Catholicity during the past fifteen years, Federation has contributed its full share.

No Politics in Federation.

The Federation is not a political organization nor does it control the political affiliation of its members. Its constitution plainly states that "Partisan Politics shall not be discussed in any of the meetings of the Convention of the Federation or subordinate body of the Federation; nor shall Federation indorse any candidate for public office." Federation asks no favors or privileges, but openly proclaims what is just and fair. It stands for the Christian life of the Nation; for the proper observance of Sunday; for the Christian Education of the youth; for the sanctity and perpetuity of Christian marriage; for the safe-guarding of the Christian home. Federation is willing to co-operate with all loyal citizens in the stamping out of all forms of vice, and will work for truth and virtue. It exposes falsehoods and injustices, whether in misrepresentation of history, doctrine or principles of morality. The aims of Federation are religious and patriotic.

Endorsed by Non-Catholic and Secular Papers.

The principles of Federation have been endorsed by all broad-minded citizens; by the non-Catholic and secular press. We present here a few quotations:

The Baptist World says: "If the American Federation has any ulterior political purpose, as is generally believed among Protestants, they were not manifested at the Louisville convention. There was not a political utterance during the meeting, but questions that received earnest attention and intelligent treatment were: Social and economic questions of the day; the social evil; the white slave traffic; child labor; living wage, and the low theatre."

The Jewish Independent says: "The Catholic Federation deserves a great deal of credit for the stand it has taken against filth on the stage."

The Buffalo(N. Y.) Courier says: "Federation is an organized universal force acting in harmony with the spirit and principles of American social and political institutions. Arrayed with it are other effective forces all standing as a solid wall against which beat in vain the intermittent waves of disorder, lawlessness and anarchism."

The Louisville Herald says: "Federation said much about Socialism, yet nothing has been said at which any Socialist could take offense. The existence of conditions that provoke the discontent out of which Socialism grows is admitted, but the Church declares the remedy for these ills in the Sermon on the Mount rather than in the writings of Marx and Engels. This is wisdom."

The Pittsburgh Christian Advocate (a Methodist Episcopal paper) says: "We wish to join hands with the American Federation of Catholic Societies as fellow-workers for righteousness, and fight with Federation for the suppression of the tremendous evils which threaten our national and social life."

THE REFORMATION KILLED ALL TASTE FOR ART

The Rev. Augustus Jessopp, D. D., (Prot.), in His "Before the Great Pillage."

"The evidence is abundant and positive, and is increasing upon us year by year, that the work done upon the fabrics of our churches, and the other work done in the beautifying of the interior of our churches, such as the wood-carving of our screens, the painting of the lovely figures in the panels of those screens, the embroidery of the banners and vestments, the frescoes on the walls, the engraving of the monumental brasses, the stained glass in the windows, and all that vast aggregate of artistic achievements which existed in immense profusion in our village churches till the sixteenth century stripped them bare—all this was executed by local craftsmen. The evidence for this is accumulating upon us every year, as one antiquary after another succeeds in unearthing fragments of pre-Reformation church-warden's accounts.

"We have actual contracts for church building and church repairing undertaken by village contractors. We have the cost of a rood screen paid to a village carpenter, of painting executed by local artists. We find the name of an artificer, described as aurifaber, or worker in gold and silver, living in a parish which could never have had five hundred inhabitants; we find the people in another place casting a new bell and making the mould for it themselves; we find the blacksmith of another place forging the iron work for the church door, or we get a payment entered for the carving of the bench ends in a little church five hundred years ago, which bench ends are to be seen in that church at the present moment. And we get fairly bewildered by the astonishing wealth of skill and artistic taste and aesthetic feeling which there must have been in this England of ours, in times which till lately we had assumed to be barbaric times. Bewildered, I say, because we cannot understand how it all came to a dead-stop in a single generation, not knowing that the frightful spoliation of our churches and other parish buildings, and the outrageous plunder of the parish guilds in the reign of Edward the Sixth by the horrible band of robbers that carried on their detestable work, effected such a hideous obliteration, such a clean sweep of the precious treasures that were dispersed in rich profusion over the whole land, that a dull despair of ever replacing what had been ruthlessly pillaged crushed the spirit of the whole nation, and art died out in rural England, and King Whitewash and Queen Ugliness ruled supreme for centuries."

Some "Inside" Facts About the Catholic Church

(By Rev. Thomas F. Coakley, D.D., Pittsburg, Pa.)

MODERN PROGRESS AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

There has been astounding progress in every department of the human mind in the last 300 years; there has been astounding progress of the Catholic Church in the last 300 years.

The more the world progressed the more the Catholic Church makes progress, for progress and Catholicity go hand-in-hand.

The Catholic Church has kept steady pace with the increasing progress of the age, and the remarkable progress of the scientific world has been a real help to the progress of the Catholic Church.

The Catholic Church has made her most wonderful progress in the United States, Germany, England, that is in precisely those enlightened countries of the modern world where scientific progress has reached its greatest heights.

The Catholic Church loves education, and her greatest conquests have been in those countries where there has been a high degree of education, such as in the United States, Germany and England.

The Catholic Church has made its greatest gains in those very countries where there is compulsory education.

In countries where there is no compulsory education, the Catholic Church has made gains only in proportion to the ability of the people to become enlightened; ignorance has always been a hindrance and a handicap to the progress of the Catholic Church.

The Catholic Church has made unexampled progress in spite of the fact that in her doctrines she is irrevocably committed to the past. She cannot change her truths to suit the whims of the latest theorizer, or amateur theologian, any more than the multiplication table can be changed to suit the whims of dishonest stock gamblers.

The Catholic Church has the burden of nineteen centuries on her shoulders, but no one can accuse her of losing her influence over people and nations because she is old. No other form of religion has made enduring conquests at all comparable to hers, none can keep pace with her, and she still is "up-to-date" with an answer for every difficulty, a solution for every problem and a solace for every ill of the modern world.

The Catholic Church has made this immense progress because she preaches the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and Him Crucified, and has not betrayed her divine Founder by turning the Institution established by Him into an uplift organization, a social welfare club, a community center, or a socialistic group for the dissemination of merely humanitarian doctrines.

The Catholic Church has made immense progress in the United States simply because she has steadfastly kept before her eyes the one great purpose of Christ in Founding the Catholic Church, namely, to save men's souls. To develop their bodies, to keep them clean, to teach them to play, to instruct them in folk dancing, to entertain them at the "movies," to become an adjunct for political parties, may well be the object of other organizations, but it is not the end for which the Catholic Church was instituted by Christ.

The Catholic Church has made immense progress in the United States and in other parts of the world in spite of enormous difficulties. She has not had wealth on her side, she pays double rates for the education of her children, she has been the victim of organized and subsidized opposition on a colossal scale, and her children have been deliberately excluded from positions of prestige and honor in both public and private life. No human institution could make progress under such terrifying conditions; therefore the Catholic Church must be divine.

The Catholic Church now numbers more than 300,000,000 human beings. That is more than three times the total number of all other forms of Christianity combined. In other words, all the other forms of Christianity taken together do not number more than 100,000,000, or just about one-third the number of Catholics in the world.

The progress of the Catholic Church for the last 300 years presents the most remarkable phenomenon of all time. She is the only institution in the world's history that has never revised her constitution, recast her doctrines, or reshaped her truths to suit the changing fancies of the hour. She teaches today the century old truths that Christ taught, and those will she teach forever, for like Christ Himself, she is the same yesterday, today and forever.

Catholics Versus Their Accusers ---The "Guardians of Liberty"

Imbued with the spirit of real patriotism, Catholic soldiers from New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and other Northern and many Western States have, for some weeks, been in camp in Texas "on the firing line," ready for the command.

The "Fighting" Ninth Regiment of Massachusetts with Father Michael J. O'Connor of Roxbury as its chaplain, and the famous "Fighting Irish" Sixty-ninth Regiment of New York with Father Duffy as chaplain, are "on the firing line."

More than 900 Catholic members of the Twelfth New York Regiment attended Mass on July 2nd, celebrated in the open railroad yard at Sedalia, Mo., (the home state of the "Menace") by the regimental chaplain, the Very Rev. Monsignor Jas. N. Connolly, while on their way to Texas to get "on the firing line."

Rev. Father Joyce, chaplain of the Fourth Field Artillery, has been "on the firing line" with General Pershing's expeditionary command since the American soldiers entered Mexico.

While thousands of Catholic soldiers from the Eastern, Northern and Western States quickly responded to the call of the President of the United States for volunteers, what are the self-styled "patriots," the "Guardians of Liberty," doing?

What are the anti-Catholics of the Southern States doing?

What are the Tom Watsonians, the "Rev." Teddy Walkerites, the Marvin Brownies and the followers of General Nelson Miles in his "Guardian" (anti-Catholic) propaganda doing?

Where is the spirit of the Catholic De Rochambeau, the Catholic Stephen Moylan, the Catholic Kosciuszko, the Catholic Pulaski, the Catholic Lafayette, the Catholic Commodore "Jack" Barry, the Catholic Count d'Estaing, the Catholic Admiral De Grasse, the Catholic Rear-Admiral Meade, the Catholic Dillon, the Catholic Charles Carroll of Carrollton, etc.?

Read the following articles taken from the press of Norfolk and Portsmouth, Va., where the "Guardians" and other self-styled "patriotic" orders claim to have several thousands of members:

Portsmouth (Va.) Star, July 7, 1916.

The conditions existing in the camp of the Portsmouth battery of late have been anything but pleasant, and the burden of responsibility has been crushing. For several days the battery has been threatened with the disgrace of being mustered out of the service and sent back home.

An analysis of these conditions is not easy to make, and the reason why such conditions exist is still more difficult to explain. Among the factors contributing to this unfortunate condition are three that the captain recognized in announcing his resignation. One of these was the fact that among the members of the battery were several over eighteen years of age, and under twenty-one, whose parents interfered by demanding that they be released from service. Some of these parents, by letters, telegrams and personal visits, besought the military officials for the release of their sons, and, in some cases against the sons' wishes, secured what they were seeking. This was discouraging to the officers and caused the battery to be weakened in its roll of membership.

Another factor, according to Captain MacDonald, helping to produce the unfortunate conditions that have existed, was the lack of loyalty of some of the men themselves. Out of about 125 men only about fifty were prompt and glad to take the oath of allegiance to the United States. Later, several were induced to sign the oath, but most of them did so with reluctance. The spirit of unwillingness on the part of some who refused to take the oath still lingers—a blot on the city of Portsmouth, and a poor recognition of the valor of those who fifty and one hundred years ago offered themselves so willingly on the altar of their country.

APPEAL MADE BY CAPTAIN BURNS.

The Norfolk (Va.) Ledger-Dispatch, July 1, 1916.

Editor Ledger-Dispatch:

Sir—Where are Portsmouth's patriotic sons?

Since I first became connected with military organizations in Portsmouth, about eight years ago, my friends and acquaintances have, in all conversations along military lines, boasted of the military spirit of the citizens of Portsmouth; they have pointed with pride to the fact that Portsmouth sent to the Civil War more soldiers than she had voters.

Where is that spirit now?

Here we are on the eve of war; the Fourth Regiment, to which my company is assigned, has received orders to recruit as rapidly as possible to war strength (142 enlisted men and three officers to each company. Since this order was issued, I have enlisted two men, whereas I have received requests from nine parents to have their sons released from the company.

Company "L" (the Old Dominion Guards) is one of the oldest military organizations in the State; the walls of the company room in the armory are covered with the names and dates of battles that this company participated in during the Civil War; it went to the Spanish-American War with full ranks; was stationed at Havana, Cuba, and would have given a good account of itself had the occasion presented itself.

The men that made this company in the two wars referred to were Portsmouth men; but where are their sons and grandsons now? Does Portsmouth want this historic old military organization left behind (when the regiment goes to the front), because her sons are not patriotic enough to fill its ranks, or does she want it to go to Mexico with the ranks filled with the sons of other cities and other states?

The military spirit is very much lacking in Portsmouth. I was standing on the street the other morning when Portsmouth's famous old battery left for the front. With band playing they marched down High street to the ferry, and I counted eight persons between Court street and the ferry to witness the departure of this historic military organization.

Donations were asked for some of the military companies that were going to war, to buy them little necessities of camp life that are not supplied by the government, and there was about enough raised to buy each man a cake of soap. However, if the people were called on to help some European country, heathen Chinamen or African cannibal, it would take all of the navy colliers to carry the donations to them.

In conclusion, permit me to again appeal to the patriotic citizens of Portsmouth for their assistance in filling the ranks of my command; permit me also to say that there is too much of the spirit, "I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier."

G. W. BURNS,
Captain Fourth Infantry,
Commanding Co. "L."

Politics in the Pulpit Severely Scored

Milwaukee Free Press, July 26, 1916.

"What right has a minister of the Gospel to use his divine cloth to further his personal political views? What right has a preacher to tell his flock of listeners that the election to office of a certain political candidate is divinely authorized? What right has he to spread broadcast in our enlightened community such propaganda that provokes dissension and that once more revives the aged struggle which already has caused endless bloodshed?

"If the Rev. Hayward, who in his Sunday sermon said that 'Gov. Philipp, like Moses, has a special mission—and for various other reasons should be re-elected,' should to a little extent familiarize himself with our political history and with the history of our civilization, he would soon convince himself that the theory to the effect that the union of religion and of politics is necessary, is worn with age, and that such an expression of views has no place in our twentieth century thought.

"He would also learn that our constitution, both state and federal, fairly breaths the spirit of freedom and without doubt establish the separation of the issues of religion and those of politics.

"The Rev. Hayward's mission is religious instruction and not political dictation, and for him to lead the way that will turn the pulpit into a political rostrum, would be not only to bring the church into active politics to be corrupted, but also to divide it against itself.

"The question of personal political views is not involved. It is rather the character of the act that needs correction, and Mr. Hayward is doing the members of his church and the pulpit at large a great wrong by confusing the issues of religion and those of politics."

Rev. F. A. Hayward is pastor of the Underwood Memorial Baptist church of Wauwatosa, where many of Milwaukee's business men reside.

The fact shows how prone we are to judge others by ourselves. Protestant clergymen meddle in politics so much that they take it for granted that Catholic clergymen do the same, without taking the trouble to investigate.

The Monks Were Always Best Friends of the People

Mr. Ralph Adams Cram (Prot.) in His "The Ruined Abbeys of Great Britain."

"Some idea of the power of one of these great monasteries may be gained from traces still existing of the center of trade built up by the monks outside their gates. Here, at the head of tide-water, in a most out-of-the-way spot, a great stone quay was constructed, to which came ships from foreign lands. Nearby was a great marketplace, now as then, called Cheapside, though commerce exists there no longer. At the height of monastic glory the religious houses were actually the chief centers of industry and civilization, and around them grew up the eager villages, many of which now exist, even though their impulse and original inspiration have long since departed. Of course, the possessions of the abbey reached far away from the walls, and beneficient landlords they were, even in their last days, for we have many records of the cruelty and hardships that came to the tenants the moment the stolen lands came into the hands of laymen."

Workmen's Lot in Middle Ages Better Than Now

Urbain Gohier, in the "North American Review."

"When the workmen of the European Continent demand 'the three eights'—eight hours of work, eight hours of rest and refreshment, physical and mental, and eight hours of sleep—some of them are aware of the fact that this reform already exists in the Anglo-Saxon countries; but all are ignorant of this other fact that, during the Middle Ages, in an immense number of labor corporations and cities, a work-day was often only nine, eight and seven hours long. Nor have they ever been told that every Saturday, and on the eve of over two dozen holidays, work was stopped everywhere at four o'clock."

Catholic Church Teaches, in Clearest Terms, the Rights and Duties of Citizenship

(Continued from last week.)

(By the Rev. Michael Kenny, S.J.)

We have civil and religious liberty engrossed in the constitution; have we got it as the constitution guarantees? We have the civil right to our religion, to hold it, practice it, and be unmolested in it. And yet there are foul slanderous organs vilifying our religion, our priests, our schools, our sisterhoods, our womanhood, our purposes, befouling everything dearest to our hearts, most sacred to our conscience; and these scurrilous sheets are distributed by the millions at the expense and by the agency of the government which we create and support. The lying slanders that incessantly befoul the character and molest the conscience of one-fifth of our citizenship and clearly violate not only the spirit but the positive statutes of the law, are circulated unhindered in the government mails, which apply our own taxes to defame us and filch us of our most elementary rights. One such article defaming U. S. Senator Gore was refused deliverance by a postmaster of Oklahoma, and the government promptly sustained him; but the more infamous defamation, not once but every week and day, of not one citizen but of 17,000,000, is refused deliverance by no postoffice

(Continued on Page Four)

Social Utopia Promised by "Reformers" Not Yet Realized

(By Orestes A. Brownson, formerly a Protestant Minister.)

The real worth of Catholicity and Catholic influences, as proved by experience to be the most effective elements of civilization, can, in fact, be despised or denied by no Christian of the present day, who does not owe to the very nest he would fain soil every feather of his own boasted plumage, be whatever it may the attire of knowledge, civilization, or Christianity in which he struts through the world. For the study of the last three hundred years, after an ordinary acquaintance with the fifteen preceding centuries, must convince any impartial mind, that whatever there is really valuable and beneficial to mankind in what we now possess, beyond what was possessed at the opening of the sixteenth century, is nothing but the growth of the seeds then long sown and cultivated, and can in no sense be said to be the fruit of the Reformation. The impartial student will be inclined, on the contrary, to maintain that the true fruits of Protestantism are not that portion of the promising and duly expected harvest which has hung, through sunshine and storm, and ripened on some of the boughs, but whatever has been rudely shaken off in unripeness from as many other branches of the tree of Catholic civilization, which was flourishing in such luxuriant richness and with such goodly promise before the Reformation storm arose. Of a continually augmenting caravan of precious things, some rich remnants have reached us, but what would have been our store had no despoiler waylaid or intercepted its course!

Follow the march of united Christendom through one thousand five hundred years of over-powering brilliancy of success,—look at its unshrinking contests with every enemy, and its triumphs over Gnostic sensualist and Platonic refiner, Manichaeism in its Eastern originality and its Western diluted form of a hundred heresies—over the Jewish slaveholder of white Christians and the Moorish invaders of Christendom—over Mohammedanism, and over the Goths, with their predecessors and followers from every rugged clime—and then fix your eyes and heart on its accumulated trophies and treasures, on its still unbroken front and godlike array, as it stands glittering on the borders of the sixteenth century, on its way to us, and conceive you never possibly can how this nineteenth century is only what it is, without allowing the Reformation to have possessed a superhuman power for evil. From what eminence, into what depth, has not the illustrious brotherhood of civilized men, separated by the evil genius of Reformation, been sunk and plunged! The wisdom of fifteen generations flung to the winds, the social experi-

(Continued on Page Two)

Canadian Catholics Doing More Than Their Part

SEVENTY-FOUR PER CENT OF THIS UNIT CATHOLICS.

The New Freeman, St. John, N. B., July 1, 1916.

"The Chatham contingent, numbering 255 men, of the 132nd Battalion left here on the morning of the 20th inst., a big throng of men and women were at the depot in a downpour of rain to see them off. Mayor Hickey delivered an eloquent oration on behalf of the citizens. Major Sterling replied for the officers and soldiers, and thanked the people for the many courtesies extended during their stay in Chatham. About seventy-four per cent of the soldiers were Catholics, of this number the great majority were French Acadians. The Irish were next in point of numbers. Then several Scotch Catholics, three Italians, two Swedes (recent converts) and five Micame Indians, one of whom was sergeant Genish of Church Point, N. C. Col. Geo. W. Mersereau was in command and Major Duncan is quartermaster. Lieut. Allen, a returned hero, looked fine in his new uniform. Many kind ladies were on hand and distributed a great many lunches to the brave lads as they boarded the train for Valcartier where they will finish training."

Children's School and Playground

CALENDAR FOR THIS WEEK.

6. S. 9th after Pentecost—Transfiguration of our Lord.
7. M. St. Cajetan.
8. T. SS. Cyriacus and Comp.
9. W. Vigil—St. Romanus.
10. Th. St. Lawrence.
11. F. SS. Tiburtius and Susanna.
12. S. St. Clare.

Learn the Answers to the Questions which follow; also learn the meaning of terms frequently used in connection with our religion.

Why does the Church not wish the casket to be covered with flowers when it is brought into the church?

Why is the casket covered with a pall?

What does the word "Requiem" mean?

Is it proper to sing English hymns during the "Requiem"?

Why do we not bury children, who die before reaching the use of reason, with a Requiem Mass?

Veil—1. Humeral, worn by the priest at Benediction, and by the sub-deacon at High Mass. 2. Chalice, which covers the chalice during the beginning and end of Mass. 3. Tabernacle, silk covering ordered by the rubrics for covering the Tabernacle wherein the Blessed Sacrament is reserved. 4. Nuns wear a white veil during their noviciate and assume a black one at their profession, as a mark of their separation from the world.

Venial Sin—An offense which does not kill the soul, yet displeases God, and often leads to mortal sin. It is called venial because it is more easily pardoned than mortal sin.

Vincentians—"Priests of the mission" founded by St. Vincent of Paul in 1624.

Answers of Baltimore Catechism Clearly Explained

What is holy chrism?

Holy chrism is a mixture of olive-oil and balm, consecrated by the bishop.

This holy oil is consecrated at the Mass on Holy Thursday; it is a most solemn ceremony, attended by a large body of priests. Almost immediately following the blessing of the new oils, the clergy procure some of the same to be used at the administration of sacraments during the following year. Some is needed for the blessing of baptismal water on Holy Saturday.

What does the bishop say in anointing the person he confirms?

In anointing the person he confirms the bishop says: "I sign thee with the sign of the cross, and I confirm thee with the chrism of salvation, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

What is meant by anointing the forehead with chrism in the form of a cross?

By anointing the forehead with chrism in the form of a cross is meant, that the Christian who is confirmed must openly profess and practice his faith, never be ashamed of it, and rather die than deny it.

The cross is the banner or flag of the Church. The soldier of Christ is reminded that he must cherish it and be ready to defend it with his life as the soldier of any country is expected to cherish and defend its flag.

OUR DUTY.

(From a "Catechism on Catholic Foreign Missions" by Rev. J. F. McGlinchey, D.D., Boston, Mass.)

Why do non-Catholics contribute more than Catholics do to the missions?

Non-Catholics, as a rule, are more wealthy than Catholics. It is not an uncommon occurrence for non-Catholic mission boards to receive bequests of thousands of dollars. This is the exception for Catholic mission aid societies.

Non-Catholics have fewer home obligations, for example, they have no schools to support.

Has Catholic America as deep an interest in the work of the Foreign Missions as Catholic Europe?

No, because, up to the present time, she has been engaged in building her own churches, schools, etc. Even today many of these institutions have heavy debts. Moreover, Catholic Missions and their needs are not so well known here as abroad.

Is practical sympathy for the mission cause increasing in our country?

Yes, and the prospect for the future is bright. May God speed the day when every diocese shall promote the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and the Holy Childhood as the three great Archdioceses of the East are doing!

A STORY FOR MASS-SERVERS.

Some time ago there lived a little boy named Theodule Gritt. He was so good that his conduct became a lesson not only to other boys, but to men of mature years. When Theodule entered a church, the thought of the divine majesty that dwells therein at once took hold of his mind, and made him compose his face. After having taken holy water, without casting his eyes on one side or the other, he saluted the Blessed Sacrament with great respect, and placed himself where he could see the altar, and yet be as little as possible distracted by the crowd. Being one festival day in the cathedral, a very zealous priest, crossing it to go to the choir, and seeing on one side Theodule praying with angelic modesty, and on another three gentlemen standing and chatting together, he approached them, and, pointing to Theodule, said to them, "Gentlemen, behold that child; you are at least twenty-five years older than he, and he teaches you by his example how you ought to conduct yourselves in the holy place." The gentlemen blushed and remained silent, but some persons who were near them, as they left the church, heard one of them say to the others, "You could not have foreseen, gentlemen, that a child would have been given you as an exmple."

On another occasion, assisting at Holy Mass with the other scholars, ranged according to class as usual, one of those who knelt beside him wanted to whisper some light jest into his ears, but he answered with a serious air, "It is not the professor we have to fear here, it is Jesus Christ, who is in the tabernacle, and who hears you though you speak low." He was desirous of serving the priest at the altar during Mass, and he did so to the edification of all present and to the great profit of his soul, for precious graces are attached to that holy exercise. His attention and respect in the answers, the modesty of his manner, everything about him was a lesson for the bystanders. A very pious Christian being near the altar while Theodule served Mass, was so touched by his devotion that, speaking afterwards to a lady of his acquaintance, he told her, "You may tell Madame Gritt for me that her youngest child humbled me this morning, and made me ashamed of myself." "How so?" inquired the lady. "I assisted," he replied, "at the Holy Mass that the boy served; whenever I happened to glance towards him, I saw him so pious and so recollected, that I said to myself, 'Unhappy being that I am! There is a child who is like an angel before the altar, wrapt in devotion, whilst I allow my mind to wander, and my heart is not touched by the presence of God.'" Thus this little boy lived, shedding around him the good odor of his virtues, and accumulating, at every step, merits for heaven.

THE HOME.

Home must be made more attractive to the young. Girls must be taught, under the mother's eye, habits of industry; boys must be made to love home for its home comforts and fireside pleasures. There is too little homeness in modern American society. The old-fashioned hearth; the family circle; the tale; the story; the evening romp; the wise and sobered thoughts of the aged, and the evening industry of all, is now a thing of the past, and only remembered by the old, as one of the happy memories of childhood. Make home pleasant. Let the children romp and play, let them have books and healthy reading, and thus keep them from the streets and from the dangers of bad company.

We are not innocent before God if we punish that which we should pardon, or pardon that which we should punish.—St. Bernard.

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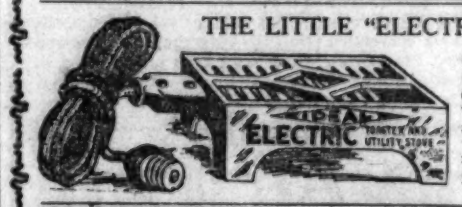
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Church Never Blamed For Lack of Interest in Souls

(Continued from Page One)

the eminence—now appearing almost in view and easily attainable—of human perfectibility in a social golden age, the Church seemed to possess little or nothing. Her "Ages of Faith"—really Dark Ages in the progressionist's view—had strangely confirmed her in a habit, natural enough in her "Ages of Persecution," of devoting, now even more fearfully than then, the larger share of her time and efforts to the spiritual man, only looking after his physical well-being, which was bettering itself fast enough, as after a relative and secondary concern; and who was there, tasting the first fruits of her hard-earned civilization, that languished not to see her course liberalized and reformed? Every thing in the moderate and measured proceedings of the Church towards the people betrayed her strong and almost offensive recollection of the stern barbarism and sensual grossness of those nations, which it had cost her much prudent toil, it is true, to bring gradually to the point which now had been reached. But was not everyone, who had conceived high ideas of what could and might be done from the elevation to which the Church had now led him, panting for some less tame leadership? Fifteen ages of every variety of texture had unrolled themselves before the Church, and received, together with the unfading sign of faith, such outward finish as their materials would bear. Should the sixteenth century, rich with all the accumulated treasures and wisdom of the past, suffer the slow progress and course of events to continue still to be regulated by that moderator and sanctifier of past ages? Should it not rather, on the contrary, subject the Church to the impress of the present and succeeding ages of light? After hundreds of years of obstinately sustained labor and toil and struggle to accomplish her business with mankind, through unnumbered difficulties created by worldliness and irreligion, and through intricate cases suggested by the flesh against the welfare of the soul—none of which would oppose her again in more enlightened times!—some prospect of a long respite from such complicated cases dawns at last. Will not the Church now bend unreservedly to the work of man's happiness in this world, and provide fearlessly for his social elevation and enlightenment, in accordance with his opinions and desires? Amid the peace and prosperity into which, in spite, it may be, of all his own resistance and endeavors, she has now introduced the Christian, can she not even for a moment relax from that allengrossing concern about his future life? The light and splendor, gathering under her guidance through many centuries, is now freed from the last passing cloud, and streams from the sixteenth far down through bright vistas opening into succeeding ages and still, "What doth it profit a man?" is the calm expostulation of the Church with the admirers of the brightness in which she moves! But ardent and exalted imaginations are overpowered by the sight of so much profit to be realized for men in their social interests and relations. An earthly paradise blooms before their eyes; Reformation beckons them on; man, they are sure, may now dare trust to himself in the broad daylight,—now think and act for himself, and make his way into the social Eden that opens before him; and they step out of the ranks, leap all circumvallations, pass every outpost, and bear onwards their own banner rapidly and precipitately down the illumined way, and far into regions of progress and improvement not yet filled with light. Religion was made for man, they now reflect;—should not, then, Christianity, under which civilization has gradually advanced thus far tend, to still higher civilization at once, leave the tardy to their unearthly thoughts, and join the explorers also, and outstrip the Church,—the Church, that still delays, endeavoring to make all things, whether they advance or whether they recede, conform as of old to the views of her mission, and abide by her unchanging standard and fixed ideas?

After Dinner Story

(Continued from Page Three)

are two from Ridgefield who are sick, pneumonia or something, and their alternates haven't been seen yet; but they, of course, are with Duffee. It's no use! We're done for, although I'll make one last effort," and away rushed the excited wire puller.

"So I'm defeated," murmured Jack Leslie, as he sank back into his office chair. "All my political future a blank—and it's all my wife's fault. I'd rather lose a thousand nominations than her love. Oh, Mary," and he rested his head in his hand,—"I never knowingly insulted a man before in all my life. I'll be a gentleman, any how. He won't get this letter until after the convention, so he will know I didn't send it so as to get his vote," and taking up the pen he wrote:

Mr. Duffee:

Dear Sir—Now, the convention is over, and you have settled my case. I desire to apologize for my rudeness today. It has taught me a lesson, which, as a business man, I should have known. A fit of the blues is my only excuse, a very poor one, but at times all men are more or less so affected. I write not because you are a man of influence, but that I have no desire to bear the ill will of any man.

Very respectfully,

JOHN LESLIE.

Having sealed and addressed the letter, he said to the clerk: "Keep this until the five o'clock mail," and again retired to the private office.

"You can't go in without knocking, special orders from Mr. Leslie, sir," said a voice outside shortly afterward.

"Special orders be hanged, sir!" and in came Tom Gray, the collegiate cousin against whom Jack's suspicions had been aroused, and who was received by a simple inclination of the head.

"By gracious, Jack, you don't look glad to see me. Political trials, of course; but say, old man," he gave the office door a shove with his foot, and the shock nearly broke the glass in the door, "I got permission to tell you—I'm going to be married."

"Married?"

"Why, certainly. I'm twenty-three, and no love in a cottage, neither. I've got that $15,000 that uncle left as my share of the Ridgefield estate. No more Bachelor Club; for I'm going to have a home with all the comforts of a club. Why, Jack, old man! what's the matter?"

"Does my wife—does Mary know about this?"

"Yes, we had a long, confidential talk about it at Jones' reception, you remember when she wouldn't waltz with me. Mary's old chum, Jessie Carroll, is my intended, and though I'm not in it in dancing with you, I hope she won't dance any round dances with any one else. You haven't it in you to be jealous, old man, but I'm different."

Jack Leslie wrung the young man's hand earnestly, as he said, "I congratulate you, Tom, sincerely. You will be happy, only beware of misunderstandings when you are married. One little quarrel may lead to disastrous results."

"You never have been so affected, Jack, so don't preach; but I have something more to tell you. I'm in politics, too."

Jack Leslie was hardly paying attention to what his companion was now saying. Like the lightning flash which illuminates the whole scene, he realized the absurd accumulation of nonsense which he allowed to enter his mind.

"You're not listening to me," rattled on the collegian. "You see, my chum, Ned Spencer, and myself were appointed alternate delegates to your convention, and two of the Ridgefield men won't be there, so we have their credentials, and you know it is the only unpledged delegation there, so two of its votes are solid for you, anyway. Why, old man, what's the matter?"

"'You only need two votes to nominate you,' that's what Harris said," murmured the candidate.

"You don't tell me? Then you're nomination is a dead cinch. Come on down to headquarters. Who ever heard of a candidate moping in his office on convention day?" Setting the astonished Leslie into his coat, the enthusiastic youth fairly dragged him out of the private office.

Twilight had set its shades on the residence of Mrs. John Leslie. The little woman had spent a wretched day. Her irritability of the morning had been really caused by her anxiety concerning her husband's political chances, and when in the early evening the door-bell rang, she answered it in hopes that it might be Jack, but it proved to be her father.

"Any news from that rascal of a politician?" he jovially inquired; then he noticed the cloud on the young wife's face. "Why, child, what's the matter? Trouble with the servant or nerves unstrung."

"N-no, papa, dear."

"Well, well, some one has hurt your feelings?" as he walked into the cozy dining-room. Then, skilled physician as he was, he at once went to the cause of the complaint.

"A quarrel with Jack?"

"Y-yes, papa," and the big eyes that Jack loved so well began to be suffused in tears.

"O-ho." There was a world of significance in the old gentleman's last expression. He knew well that small disorders may lead even to death. So he kindly inquired, "And what did you quarrel about?"

"He said that I was foolish, and I could go back to mamma whenever I chose."

A fleeting smile passed over the old physician's face. These were the developments of the disease, he well knew, and not its cause.

"There must have been something before that. What great fault was committed?"

The scene of the morning vividly came before her eyes. She turned red, and then white.

"I see that you began the trouble, Mary; you women always do; but it can't be an insurmountable one. Tell your old papa what you did to make such a good fellow as Jack Leslie angry." (How diplomatically he was feeling his way).

"Oh, papa, it was so silly."

"I know it was."

"I scolded him about his district committee coming here, and then we both got angry."

Her father showed no surprise, for he knew hundreds of cases in domestic life where fatal finales had similar trivial beginnings. So the good father and clever physician took her thoughts to another subject. "Now, don't worry any more. Why, my girl, Jack isn't giving the matter a thought. I'll have to send you a bill for medical advice," and father and daughetr were soon laughing gaily. A newsboy, with his copyright cry, "Full account of the convention," came past the window. Throwing the window open, Mrs. Leslie called the lad, and soon had the paper spread before her. The "full account of the convention" was headed, "Leslie will lose," and the item read: "Candidate Hawke's nomination is assured, The leader of the Ridgefield delegates, who holds the balance of power in the convention, has declared against Leslie, and the young banker's desire to serve his country will be indefinitely postponed."

There was despair in the young wife's voice, as she said: "Oh, papa, it's all my doing, for dear Jack left here so angry this morning, that he must have lost his temper at the meeting. How they can vote for any one else, I can't understand. Is he really defeated, papa?"

"The convention hasn't been held at all yet, and those papers lie like troopers when it's a political affair," gruffly responded the doctor, although, to tell the truth, he knew his son-in-law's chances were looking slim; but he wisely tried to keep his daughter's mind away from the little trouble, and so the hours passed. Ten o'clock struck. "Perhaps, papa," she said, as she paused in the middle of a brilliant piano selection, "Jack will never come home again."

"The convention hasn't begun yet," was his answer.

Half-past ten, and a ring at the door-bell. Mary flew to open it for—a messenger boy with a special for Mrs. Leslie. She came back into the room, tore open the envelope and paused. What if it really contained news of his defeat or that he had left her forever! "Papa, you read it," she said, passing it to the old gentleman, who put on his glasses, and read and commented. "'Dear Mary,' h'm, that don't start like bad news."

"Oh, papa dear, let me read it!" clasping her hands, and endeavoring to tear the telegram from him.

"Now, don't be in a hurry. 'Dear Mary, we did it. Jack is nominated on the first ballot, by one vote. Then we made it unanimous. Hawke, Duffee and Jack are all shaking hands. Congratulations to Hon. Mrs. Leslie. Tom Gray.'"

Staid old physician as he was, Dr. Gray proceeded to do a war dance around the room. The strain had been too much for the young wife, and she began to cry. Recovering his dignity, the doctor became the sensible father again. "Let this be a warning, my child," he said. "If there is any trouble, always have an explanation before you lose sight of each other, for God only knows what the day may bring forth."

There was the sound of a carriage at the door, a familiar step on the porch, a ring of the bell that awoke the echoes of the house, and the old man opened the door to a young man rushing in with his hat on the back of his head. "Your wife is in the parlor," said the doctor.

A moment later and two voices that said "Mary"—"Jack," dear," reached the old man, who took his hat and coat and stepped quietly outside the front door, closing it after him just in time to prevent another recklessly happy-looking individual from entering. "Come home with me, Tom," he said. "You and I are not needed in there just now."

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After Dinner Story

THE OLD STONE JUG.

A century ago on the post-road to Boston, and sixteen miles from the City of New York, stood a tavern called the Old Stone Jug. It was a one-story building of dark-colored stone, with a single window fronting upon the highway—a quaint, lozenge-shaped window, of thick, dingy glass, through which the sun's rays penetrated with difficulty. The chimney, battered by two generations of northwest winds, sagged considerably to the south; a frowning rock rose close behind the house; and altogether the Old Stone Jug wore a sinister appearance, which tallied well with the stories told about it. A band of Indians had come in the night-time and massacred the first family who dwelt here; a peddler had been seen to enter the doorway and never been heard of afterwards; a cavern of fathomless depth was said to connect the cellar with the rock; and certain it is that no one who had made this spot his home had either remained long or prospered there, except Peter Van Alstyne—better known in the township of East Chester as Uncle Pete—who kept the tavern at the opening of the Revolution.

But he did well; the poorer his neighbors became, the more light-hearted did he grow and the richer, and all because the fox which prowleth about in the dark was not cunninger than Uncle Pete.

His wife was dead, but he had a daughter named Martha, who kept house for him, and whom he tenderly loved and strove to bring up in his own principles—namely, to be all things to all men. "For these are critical times," he would say, "and who can tell, child, which side will win?"

Martha was just twenty years of age, and, if not what we might call a handsome girl, had something very attractive about her. She was tall and graceful and abounding in spirits. She knew everybody for miles around, and everybody knew her; and if the more knowing ones shook their heads and looked a little doubtful when they spoke of Van Alstyne, all agreed that Martha was a fine young woman.

The only member of the household besides herself and parent was a diminutive negro boy christened "Popgun." And at the moment our tale begins Popgun is perched on the topmost limb of a wild-cherry tree hard by, Martha is in the kitchen making doughnuts, while the publican is standing in the middle of the road gazing up at the sign-board which hangs immediately above the entrance—and, considering that he painted it himself, 'tis not a bad work of art. Here we see King George with a crown on his head; at the royal feet crouches a lion, and around the two figures, in big red letters, are the words, "God save the King!"

He was still contemplating the features of his sovereign when a shrill voice cried down from the sky, "Be ready, sir." In an instant Uncle Pete's face lost its tranquil expression, and putting his hand to his ear, so as to catch well Popgun's next warning note, he listened attentively.

In another minute came the voice again: "Lisha Williams, sir, on Dolly Dumplings."

"Ho! Then I must be brisk, for the mare travels fast," muttered Van Alstyne, hastening toward a ladder which lay a few yards off in readiness for these occasions. In less time than it takes to relate the sign-board was turned round, and, lo! in place of King George and the lion, behold now George Washington, holding in his hand a flag whereon are thirteen stars and thirteen stripes, and circling the picture are the words: "God save our Liberties."

"Child, here's 'Lisha coming," shouted Uncle Pete, thrusting his head into the doorway.

"Elisha! Indeed!" exclaimed Martha, letting drop the cake she was rolling in her hands. "Oh! how glad I am. Haven't seen the dear boy for an age." Then away she flew to make ready for her lover, or rather for one of her lovers. And now while the girl is putting on another gown, let us speak a few words about the horseman who is approaching.

Elisha Williams was a young man of five-and-twenty, with sandy hair and blue eyes, and whose father owned a farm half a mile east of the inn. He and Martha had been friends from childhood, and when at length the time came for him to think of matrimony there was no lass whom he desired more for his wife than Martha.

She was a girl after his own heart; not demure and timid and silent as a tombstone, but brave and full of fun; he had even known her to pursue and kill a rattlesnake; and she was as fond of a horse as he was himself.

When news came of the fight at Lexington, Elisha openly took the patriot side, bought Dolly Dumplings of Martha's father (a mare so given to kicking and jumping fences that although of unstained pedigree, Uncle Pete was fain to part with her), and now he is one of the most daring troopers in the Continental army, and is known far and wide as the Flying Scout.

But Elisha was not the only one who courted Martha. He had a rival named Harry Valentine, son of Doctor Valentine, the most notorious Tory in East Chester; and this caused Elisha not a little anxiety. For, although Martha always received him very cordially when he paid her one of his flying visits, and seemed pleased to hear of his exploits, she never would listen when he said anything harsh of the Tories.

Elisha's heart was beating quite as fast as her own when presently he reined in his foaming steed before the tavern door. Martha was standing on the threshold, looking, in his eyes, never so bewitching. Between her fingers she held a lump of sugar for Dolly Dumplings—she seemed to care only for Dolly; her long, luxuriant brown hair, which flowed loose down her shoulders, had a spray of wild honeysuckle twined through it—you might have fancied she had been wandering through the woods, and that the flowers had got tangled there by accident. Her cheeks were slightly tinged by the sun; but what of it? They wer plump, healthy cheeks, adorned by two pretty dimples; and Elisha, who loved cherries, felt his mouth water when he looked on Martha's lips.

"How is my Martha?" he exclaimed, sliding nimbly off the saddle.

"'Your' Martha, indeed!" answered the girl, tossing her head; then with a smile, as he caught both her hands: "Well, I'm alive and well, and—"

"Not at all pleased to see me, eh?" interrupted Elisha.

"Delighted to see you," she added, a sweet pink blush spreading itself with the quickness of light over her face.

"Really? Truly? 'Pon your honor?" cried Elisha, squeezing her hands tighter.

"Come inside and let's have a talk," said Martha, trying to free herself from his grasp. But she only half tried; and when presently they were seated side by side he was still holding fast to her right wrist.

"What delicious flowers!" observed Martha, looking down at a nosegay which the youth had stuck in his belt. "Wild-flowers give no such perfume."

"These are for you," said her lover, presenting them to her. "They came from Van Cortland's garden. I spent last night at the Manor. Van Cortland is a patriot, and is not ashamed to offer a farmer's son hospitality."

"How delicious!" said Martha, bringing the nosegay to her nose. "Colonel Delancey's hothouse plants cannot surpass them."

"Delancey! The Tory! The Cowboy chief! What do you know about his flowers, Martha?"

"Harry Valentine brought me a magnolia from there a few days ago," replied Martha, frankly.

The other murmured something to himself, then burst out: "Confound and hang the Tories!"

Martha was silent a moment, then remarked: "Well, however much you dislike them, I hope you will not harm Harry Valentine, if he ever falls into your hands."

"It being your wish, I will always aim a mile above his precious head," returned Elisha.

"You are a good fellow—a real good fellow; just the same as you always were," continued Martha tenderly. "Oh, I often think of our old frolics together, Elisha."

"Do you, really? Well, Martha, I often think of them, too. What happy days those were!"

"Yes, much happier than these. O, Elisha! you can't think how changed everything is since this dreadful war began. Not a sloop sails up the creek now; no carriages pass along the road; no bees, no husking parties—everybody is gloomy. First this man's barn is burned, then that man's; and chickens and horses and cattle are stolen. In short, between the Skinners and the Cowboys poor Westchester county is fast becoming a desert."

"Well, for all that, it is a glorious war, and will end in freeing us from England," said Elisha, thumping his fist upon his knee.

"Ay, to be sure it will. God save our liberties. Hurrah for the Continental Army!" cried Uncle Pete, waddling into the house. Then, as he opened a cupboard which contained a number of bottles of rum and cherry-bounce: "Tell me, 'Lisha, how you like Dolly Dumplings."

"Like her? Why Uncle Pete, she's just the best animal that ever was shod. Nothing can catch her—not even the wind."

"Right, my boy! Colonel Livinstone, who imported her sire from England, and who sold the mare to me five years ago, declared that she has in her veins the blood of the Flying Childers, and you know he ran a mile a minute."

"Father, Popgun is calling," said Martha, with a disturbed air.

"Is he?" And Van Alstyne hurried away as fast as possible; but before you could count ten he was back again.

"Too bad, 'Lisha," he said, "that you must quit us so soon—hardly time to take one drink. But some enemy's cavalry are in sight and they're on a trot." Then out he went again to fetch Dolly Dumplings.

"Well, dear boy, may the Lord watch over you and keep you safe!" spoke Martha, in a tone of deeper feeling than she had yet evinced toward her lover. The latter gazed earnestly in her face a moment, then said: "Must I bid good-bye and depart in uncertainty? O Martha, dear! tell me what I so long to know: will you be my wife?"

Her response was: "Elisha, I love the brave, and the bravest shall win me."

"Then, by heavens, I'll be a hero!" cried Elisha. These were his last words; in another moment he was gone. But ere Dolly Dumplings had galloped fifty paces the sign-board was turned around and King George came once more in view.

"Who are they, pa—Hessians or real Britishers?" inquired Martha calmly; for she knew they could not overtake Elisha.

"Hessians, I believe," replied Van Alstyne.

"Detestable creatures!" exclaimed the girl, withdrawing into the house.

"Don't say that, child. They're as good as any soldiers who fight for the King; and if they halt here they'll leave more than one guinea behind them."

And so they did, for they were a party of very thirsty and hungry men

(Continued on Page Four)

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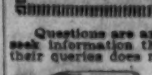
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Bureau of Information

Questions are answered, as far as possible, in the order received; hence those who seek information through this Bureau must not become impatient if the answer to their queries does not appear for several weeks after we receive same.



Always direct questions to BUREAU OF INFORMATION or to DEPT Q, in separate envelopes. Questions should never be written on same sheet with subscriptions.

Why are candles lighted before statues or shrines?

As a mark of devotion to our Lord or His Saints represented by the statue. "The candle burning its life out before a statue is no doubt felt in some ill-defined way to be symbolical of prayer or sacrifice."

Why do priests wear collars that button in the back?

So that they may be distinguished from laymen who button their collars in the front. It is a part of the priest's uniform, designating the wearer as a clergyman.

Please explain this in the "Visitor": How did God exist in the Old Testament if He was only borne in the New Testament? How is Jesus the Son of God when both are the same person?

God always was and always will be. We learn from Holy Scripture that there are three persons in God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost. These three are one in nature, but distinct in person. This truth is styled in religion "the mystery of the Trinity." We learn furthermore from Holy Scripture that the second person, the Son, became man or was borne in the course of time. The Son existed from all eternity as God or in the divine nature. But at the time of the Incarnation, He began a new mode of existence. The divine nature was united with the human nature in the one person of the Son of God. A new being was therefore not brought into existence when the Virgin Mary conceived, but a Being Who had always existed began to exist in a new manner.

You are wrong in asserting that the Father and the Son are the same person. They are, indeed, the same in *nature*, but they are distinct in *person*.

That the Father and Son are *one* we learn from the text: "I and the Father are one" (John 10, 30). Read also John 5, 7. But that can be true only if the Father and the Son, though distinct in person, have one and the same nature. If the divine persons had not the same nature or substance, there would be three gods. But reason and revelation admit but one God.

That the Father and the Son are *distinct* we learn from the very name *Son* and from St. Paul, who, speaking of Christ says: "To which of the angels hath He said at any time: Thou art My son; today have I begotten Thee" (Heb. 1, 5). By the very fact that the Father begets and the Son is begotten the two persons are *really distinct*. For a real distinction consists in this, that the one is not the other. To beget is not to be begotten; and therefore the Father, who begets, is distinct from the Son, Whom He begets; and the Son, Who is begotten, is distinct from the Father by Whom He is begotten. The Son is begotten of the Father, not in time, but *from eternity*. Temporal generation is impossible, because in God, with Whom there is no change, all things are from eternity.

The distinction between the Father and the Son cannot consist in what is common to both, but only in what is peculiar to each. Now, we know that the Father and the Son, having the same substance, have all things in common except their personality; that the Father is distinct from the Son only as *Father*, and the Son from the Father only as *Son*. But *why* is the first person the Father? Because He begets. And *why* is the second person the Son? Because He is begotten. Consequently, the distinction between the two persons is only this: the one begets, the other is begotten.

Is it true that Pius X and Leo XIII declared that no editor or publisher could ever hope to be canonically declared a saint?

No.

I am a poor boy and would like to study for the priesthood. As my parents are poor they could not pay for my education. What should I do?

In the first place you should consult with your pastor about this matter. Many of the religious orders educate good and deserving boys free of charge if they intend to enter upon a religious life. The Fathers of the Divine Word at Techny, Ill., educate boys in this manner for the foreign missions.

Why does the Pope claim temporal power? Did not Christ say: "My kingdom is not of this world"?

The temporal power of the Pope is necessary for the perfect freedom and independence of the Holy See. Once admit the doctrine of the Primacy—that the Pope is the head of the Universal Church—and it follows logically that the Pope, to be free to teach and guide his entire flock, ought not to be subject to any authority outside himself. If he be subject to a prince, laws impairing his freedom of action may be passed in the interests of the government to which he is subject, and Catholics of the other nations would naturally view with suspicion letters of a Pope that might merely voice the views of a foreign civil ruler. Even today, when the Pope is still independent because of his continued protest against the spoliation of 1870, although practically a prisoner in the Vatican, the Italian government has suppressed newspapers favoring the claims of the Holy See, and has forbidden a representative of the Pope to represent him at the Hague Conference. Napoleon's object in bringing Pius VII to France was undoubtedly to make him a pliant tool of French interests in Europe. The sojourn of the Popes at Avignon in the fourteenth century, called the Babylonian Captivity (1309-1378), merited the protest of the Catholics of other nations, who demanded the return to Rome because of the predominant influence of France at the Papal Court.

The Pope, therefore, as ruler of Christ's Church, must be independent from the very nature of his office, and this independence cannot be had to the full unless he possesses a territory—large or small, it matters not—which is entirely his own. Since the fifth century the Popes possessed political power in Rome, which finally developed into what were known as the Papal States. For centuries they held and exercised temporal power by a title better than that of any other of the world today.

In our own country we have a striking illustration of the principles on which we claim the temporal power of the Pope rests. The framers of our Constitution, to preserve the independence and free action of President and Congress, willed that a small territory called the District of Columbia should be free from any State authority, and directly dependent on Congress. Although more numerous than the inhabitants of certain States, the citizens of the District have no representatives in Congress, and have no right to vote on national or even local issues. So in the Catholic Church there has been for centuries a territory reserved to the Sovereign Pontiff, to preserve him independent of any temporal ruler, and insure his free and untrammeled relations with the nations of the world.

No wonder, then, that the Roman See has protested against the outrage and injustice, willed not by the Italian people, but by a small body of anti-Christians, who now see Italy on the verge of national bankruptcy.

No. 11—You need not tell him.

No. 12—No.

M. A. B.—You might mention this in Confession, but as you were in good faith you would not be held responsible.

J. J. P.—S. Dakota—Yes.

M. E. J.—If no wrong is done it would not be sinful.

YOUNG WOMEN desiring to become Sisters and wishing to devote themselves to teaching school, and taking care of the sick in hospitals, are invited to correspond with MOTHER SUPERIOR, Academy of St. Mary of the Lake, Devils Lake, North Dakota.

THOUSANDS Government Jobs open to Men-Women. $75.00 month. Steady Work. Short hours. Common education sufficient. Write immediately for free list of positions now obtainable. Franklin Institute, Dept. N 189, Rochester, N. Y.

POSITION As teacher in a small country parish wanted by a school Catholic young lady, convent education, competent to teach English and German, with five years' experience, and 17th addr again. Country Parish preferred, for health sake. Address A. W., Care Our Sunday Visitor.

Wanted—A Housekeeper—By a Catholic gentleman who recently lost his wife. Have two children, 7 and 8 years old. Modern house, no washing, can have full charge. Located in Nebraska. Give age when answering. Address DOCTAR, Care Our Sunday Visitor.

TEACHER wants position in Catholic college or high school. Four years college education and four years experience. Best of reference. Address: F. J., Our Sunday Visitor.

We are closing out an excellent *Ladies Prayer Book* for *75c* Postpaid
This book never sold for less than $1
Frank Fink
144 E. Leith Street - Fort Wayne, Indiana

Farmers—Attention!
FOR SALE 320-acre highly improved stock and dairy farm, Dane Co., West Central Wisconsin; all under plow except 10 acres woodland; 300 acres level, 20 acres gently rolling, no waste land; heavy clay loam soil, all in one body; woven wire fencing; two 7-room houses, large barns, silo, machine shed, corn crib; near school; 2½ miles of city of 7,000, educational center, fine Catholic church and school; corn main crop; climate same as Southern Wisconsin; best of markets, corn main crop. Price $100 per acre. Would consider smaller farm or city residence as part pay. Lands near it selling for more money. Write H. L. Insalaat, Monona, Wisconsin.

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Your money deposited in this bank for 12 months will earn you six per cent interest—five per cent for six months. You can't make a better or safer investment. Send your idle money to us today.
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Why have an unsightly Clothesline up all the time? This Reel is fastened to porch or post, and line is drawn to any other points; after the clothes are dry, wind the Reel and your line is out of the way again and remains clean.
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OUR SUNDAY VISITOR

Issued Weekly by
OUR SUNDAY VISITOR
Huntington, Indiana

REV. JOHN F. NOLL, LL.D., Editor

Entered as second-class matter May 3, 1912, at the postoffice at Huntington, Indiana, under Act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription price (in advance).....50c the year
Foreign Countries, $1.00 the year
For advertising rates address the OUR SUNDAY VISITOR office

HUNTINGTON, INDIANA, AUGUST 13, 1916.

Rome, May 17, 1914.

"Rendering very great thanks to our beloved son and priest, John Noll, and imploring the Lord to grant him every favor and blessing for his services, we most lovingly impart to him, as a testimony of our especial good-will, the apostolic blessing; which we likewise extend to all who write for and read his paper."

POPE PIUS X.

Apostolic Delegation, 1911 Biltmore St., Washington, D. C., April 27, 1913.

The nature of your work tends to supply, in a popular and practical way, the religious needs of both the Catholics and non-Catholics.

With pleasure I congratulate you on this good work and express my hopes that your success will continue to increase.

With best wishes I am, sincerely yours in Xto.,

✠ JOHN BONZANO, Archbishop of Mellitene, Apostolic Delegate.

Fort Wayne, Indiana, March 29, 1913.

Dear Rev. Father:

Your work of bringing home to our people the better knowledge of the teachings of the Church, and of informing non-Catholics of the claims of Holy Mother Church, is truly an apostolic work, worthy of the highest commendation and encouragement.

To furnish a weekly paper, for an annual subscription of 50c, appears to me to be most remarkable.

Devotedly yours in Domino.

✠ H. J. ALERDING, Bishop of Fort Wayne, Indiana.

SOMETHING OUR SUNDAY VISITOR HAS TO CONTEND WITH.

Wm. C. Redfield, United States Secretary of Commerce, has committed himself as follows on the present news-print situation in this country:

"The one-cent newspaper will be a thing of the past within a short time. Prices have increased all along the line on nearly all commodities, and within the last few months there has been a steady increase in the price of the materials entering into the making of news-print paper and an increased demand for paper.

"The indications are that early this fall when new contracts are made, or before, there will be further increases in news-print paper prices, and publishers will be unable to get out one-cent papers without a loss, or an increase in price will be imperative."

It appears that the material advance in the price of paper will not be temporary merely, but that it will endure even after the war in Europe will have ended.

Does this mean that the only one-cent Catholic weekly in the country will have to go to the wall or cease to be a one-cent paper? We surely hope that neither alternative must be resorted to.

Many newspapers which are not one-cent papers have advanced in price, many, because their publishers could not get an advance sufficient to cover the former difference between cost and selling price, have ceased publication. But if news-print paper has reached its maximum selling price, OUR SUNDAY VISITOR will continue its mission as a one-cent paper.

The only regret which we have is that we shall not be able to give so much to Catholic missions and charity as we have been giving hitherto.

—o—

WILL YOU BE ONLY A LITTLE BENEFACTOR?

We had hoped to found and support a college and (in about six years) a seminary, where students for the southern and western dioceses could be educated for the priesthood without any cost to the Bishops of these poor districts; then we intended to convince at least one hundred of our good American boys that they should consecrate their lives to the upbuilding of religion in these parts of the United States.

The diocese of Corpus Christi has only one American secular priest, while more people from the northern states are moving thither every year. There are only two students preparing themselves for the ministry in this diocese, and they are from the East. This is only a sample of the needs of all the southwestern Bishops. They have very few vocations from their own dioceses, because a dearth of priests has prevented religion from prospering as it should; hence good boys from other parts of the country must be induced to come to them. These boys need a training a little bit different from that received in the seminaries of the North and East, and they must be taught fluent Spanish.

Will this college be an unrealized dream now, because of the great increase in the cost of publishing OUR SUNDAY VISITOR?

Not if our good priest and lay patrons will assist us with only a trifle. Ten cents a year from each family receiving our paper would take full care of building and supporting this college, which Southern Bishops have assured us is a real necessity.

In view of the great loss OUR SUNDAY VISITOR must sustain because of the very material increase in cost of news-print, wrapping paper, ink, etc., we do herewith request that all those, who purchase bundles of papers from us, pay PROMPTLY for the same; and that individual subscribers renew their subscriptions promptly.

—o—

WE PREDICTED THREE YEARS AGO THAT THIS WOULD HAPPEN.

The Associated Press carried the news, on July 29, of an attempt to damage the printing plant of The Menace. Three small bombs are reported to have exploded under their presses, but no damage was done other than the scorching of some papers.

Now who are guilty? "Catholics," we shall be told, in the next issue of The Menace. "Nonsense," say we. While we incline to the belief that the "bombing" was intended as a mere advertising stunt of their own, of course we are too charitable to declare this as cock-sure.

The Menace circulation, according to its own report submitted to an "Advertiser's Bulletin," fell from 1,400,000 in July, 1915, to 700,000 in December, 1915. In other words, the paper lost half its readers in six months. Since January 1st, the circulation must have dwindled to a much lower mark, because only recently the publishers who became rich through it, turned it over to "The Free Press Defense League," which, like The Menace itself, was of Socialist origin.

To stir up the "patriots" to more enthusiastic support, what better card could The Menace publishers play than to report, in a burning article, that the "Catholic Hierarchy" has resorted to bomb-throwing to destroy that publication. Whoever placed the bombs saw to it that they would be tame ones and do little damage.

IN THE PARISH

By Edw. F. Garesche, S. J., Editor "The Queen's Work," St. Louis, Mo.

A TRAINING SCHOOL FOR CATHOLIC ORGANIZATION.

Not long ago, and quite independent one of the other, a Catholic priest and a layman voiced their opinions of the Sodality as a training school for Catholic organizations.

"Have you ever thought," said the layman, "that our parish Sodalities are really at the foundation of whatever Catholic organization we have. They teach the people unity and association; they take the little children in the parish schools and band them together; they keep the older members of the parish in touch one with the other; they are at the root of all Catholic associations."

The priest said the same thing, but from a slightly different point of view. "I have found," said he, "that where my parishioners come to me from a parish where there are Sodalities it is so much easier to get them to take up the idea of Catholic organization. They have been taught to look on it as natural and proper for a good Catholic to belong to some sort of a Catholic society; they regard membership in a Catholic organization as part of the duty of a parishioner. But those who have never before been members of a Sodality look at me in astonishment when I ask them to join an association. They think their full Catholic duty accomplished when they have gone to Mass, put their contribution in the box, paid their pew rent and made their Easter Communion."

Both these remarks open up profitable reflections on the service which the Sodality has rendered in paving the way for Catholic organization. The great need of the age among Catholics is a larger sociability, a closer union, a finer and truer helpfulness. The easiest and surest way of cultivating these things in the present, as it has been in the past, is the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin. By means of the Sodality, well organized and faithfully attended, we can bring all our people together and infuse into them that spirit of Christian love and helpfulness which made the pagans of old exclaim: "How these Christians love one another!"

Social Utopia Promised by "Reformers" Not Yet Realized

(Continued from Page One)

ence and social erudition, the science and art of benevolence, tried and approved for a millennium and a half, despised and unlearned, and the world now presenting the deplorable spectacles everywhere beheld!

And sad, nay, heart-rending, indeed, is the present condition, the social condition, of the Protestant world. Raise the veil which an artificial civilization hangs over the face of society, fix your attention on those who form the bulk of every community, the laboring classes, the working population—in the un-Christian language of the day styled "the masses," as if they were only huge blocks of brute matter—and what is it you behold? Is it the social Utopia, the earthly Eden, promised, to gain which was the real end and aim of the Reformation? Alas, no! You discover that pauperism, with its concomitant evils, during these Reformation times, has taken such gigantic strides as to have outstripped all calculation, and more than fulfilled the worst predictions. The noblest hearts of the present generation are saddened, and the wisest heads are puzzled, at the sight. Governments, political, economic associations, and philanthropic schemes of every kind, struggle with ardor, but almost without hope, against the headlong course of this torrent, which is loosing the very foundation-stones of the social edifice, and threatening to submerge—unhappily, not alone—every vestige and remnant of Protestantism in the flood of evils which the Reformation let loose upon itself and the world. "Mala res, spes multo pejor."

If we had no other evidence, the number and variety of plans and schemes for bettering the condition of the great mass of society would suffice to prove most abundantly, in a matter-of-fact and utilitarian age like ours, that the necessity which calls them into being must be great in the extreme; while the invariable abandonment of the most promising systems, after a short trial, and the constant search for better plans and more efficient schemes, prove with equal clearness, that, as yet, no means that can be called availing or encouragingly effectual have been found or devised. We every day read or hear of new theories for social reform, and improved systems for ameliorating the conditions of the indigent and for the elevation of the lower classes of the people. Every day brings forth some amended legislative enactment on the subjects of education and of the poor, and old, rejected reports are superseded by new committees of inquiry on these matters. We have, in an interminable succession from all quarters, poor-laws, factory-bills, relief-bills, plans, theories, and proposals amended and altered, and then amended again, put in operation for a time, found ineffectual, and then rejected, to give place to another plan, theory, system, enactment, or reform—the afflictions of suffering humanity still continuing, meanwhile, in full force, neither amended, rejected, nor relieved, but increasing.

We now have any number of sects of the philanthropic species, bickering and debating about reformations in work-house systems, almshouses, and pauper laws, and about new-found means of training and cultivating the never properly understood human being, from college and university bills down to reports about schools of industry, farm-schools and industrial schools, infant schools and ragged schools. In one thing only all seem agreed—that there exist, even in the so-called most enlightened and liberal nations, the most appalling destitution and misery—and, to heighten the whole, that there is a horrid and pestilential demoralization and immorality in the masses, as they style them, and a most frightful abundance and increase of crime.

Readers Speak to Readers

Mission, Tex., July 24, 1916.

Rev. Father Noll:

Perhaps it might be useful to you to hear a few words about the troops, which are encamped in the Rio Grande valley.

McAllen, Texas, is at present the military headquarters of some 18,000 New York militiamen under Major General O'Ryan (a Catholic). About 8,000 of these men are encamped at McAllen, the rest are divided between Mission and Phow. I think it is safe to state that at least one-third of these men are Catholics.

Last Sunday (July 23) the little church of the Sacred Heart at McAllen was the scene of a most inspiring spectacle. Fully 2,000 men attended the Holy Sacrifice at the four Masses, which were celebrated by the Very Rev. Monsignor Connelly of the Twelfth New York Regiment, Rev. F. H. Dupassieux, O. M. I., and Rev. L. O. Eckworth, O. M. I., both of Mission, Texas.

It was especially edifying to see the humble faith and the solid piety of the men, who knelt outside the church, bareheaded and exposed to our generous Texas sun.

There was no trace of human respect. Officers and men, rich and poor, knelt together, bowing their heads in prayer whilst the beads were gently gliding through their fingers. Some officers came together with their men to confession and holy communion. One has a reassuring feeling, that the country is safe, for, no doubt, these men would be as fearless warriors as they are fearless Catholics. I wish that some of the so-called "Patriots," whose only patriotism consists in sowing discord among peaceful citizens, could have seen these Catholic men, who have answered their country's call together with their Protestant friends, willing to shed their blood, if necessary. The Catholics have turned out with flying colors. Where are the "Patriots?"

It is also consoling to notice the good feeling and the sincere good will which prompts the non-Catholic chaplains of the various regiments to direct their Catholic men to the Catholic service.

Father, could you help us to get some good Catholic literature for the various camps? Send us some copies of your excellent paper, even back numbers. We would appreciate also, if you could insert a notice in your paper for second-hand Catholic magazines, as The Extension, The Truth, etc. We ought to take the opportunity—these men have plenty of time to read.

Please, Father, excuse my importunity.

Any Catholic literature should be sent to Rev. F. H. Dupassieux, O. M. I., Oblate Fathers, Mission, Texas.

With best regards,

L. O. ECKWORTH, O. M. I.
St. Peter's Novitiate, Mission, Tex.

Meridian, Miss, July 24, 1916.

Dear Sir:

The letter on the reverse page was sent to me from Techny, as the Editor of the Colored Messenger. In reply, I wish to say, that you may direct your readers to send all their Catholic literature to me and I will distribute it in my mission. I have engaged two faithful boys, who once every week carry hundreds of magazines and other Catholic literature to the people, and this distribution is doing great good. Every Sunday after Sunday school we distribute among the children a great number of magazines to take home, and if you consider that seventy per cent of them are Protestants, you can imagine what good some people can do with their literature, which otherwise they throw away.

While you are mentioning these things to your readers, I consider it a favor, if you also would tell them if they have anything in the line of clothing, that is still good (for boys, girls, men, women) the mission will welcome it. Our negroes are poor and this year more than ever they need the helping hand of friends, because many have lost their all and had their crops ruined by recent storms and rains which flooded this part of the country for six weeks. The coming winter will be a very hard one for them.

May the good Lord bless you.

Sincerely,

(Rev.) P. J .WENDEL, S.V.D.

Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, June 30, '16.

Dear Father:

Now since our National Guard has been called to the front, and from the fact that a great number of its members are Catholic men, could those who remain at home do a more generous thing than to keep the boys supplied with wholesome literature, for instance, the Sunday Visitor" and whatever other papers our organizations can supply.

The Knights of Columbus can accomplish a tremendous amount of good throughout the country in this case, if the matter is taken up at this time and the Catholic men provided for along the lines suggested.

From this city we sent a number of Catholic men and private individuals are sending Our Sunday Visitor to the concentration camp at the present time, although the Council will be asked to take the responsibility in the future.

No better opportunity than this for the elimination of much of the lack of general knowledge of "Catholic Patriotism" among many of the National Guard.

We are asking the boys who receive Our Sunday Visitor to pass it on. There is nothing to be ashamed of—we should be proud of what Catholic men have done for the nation in the past.

Sincerely,

CHAS. F. SCHATTNER,
Secretary Council 1363.

No one has a right to mercy who can not himself show mercy.—Ven. Louis de Granada.

BOYS, NOW IS THE TIME

to choose your vocation. Why not become a priest and foreign missionary? Ask for particulars. Pamphlets on the missionary vocation free of charge. Address:

St. Mary's Mission House, Techny, Ill.
—or—
Sacred Heart Mission House, Girard, Pa.

HEED THE CALL

Boys and Young Men who desire to become Brothers and share in the work of saving souls, may receive full particulars by addressing:

THE BROTHERS OF HOLY CROSS,
Sacred Heart College,
Box 383 Watertown, Wis.

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An ideal boarding school for girls, conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur. Healthful location on elevated grounds, embracing one hundred acres and affording ample outdoor exercise. Exceptional advantages in Music, Art and a thorough Academic Course, preparing for matriculation at Trinity College, Washington, D. C. For catalogue giving full information, apply to SISTER SUPERIOR.



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Our Guarantee!



OUR SUNDAY VISITOR guarantees every advertisement in this issue is trustworthy. Should any advertiser herein deal dishonestly with you we will make good the amount of your loss, provided such transaction occurs within one month from date of this issue; that it is reported to us promptly, and that we find the facts to be as stated. It is a condition of this guarantee that in writing to advertisers you state, "I saw your advertisement in OUR SUNDAY VISITOR, Huntington, Indiana."

WANTED position as teacher in parochial school, or in public school in Catholic community by well-qualified young lady. Best reference. Address: A. F., Care Our Sunday Visitor.

Mother House and Novitiate

OF THE SISTERS OF MERCY, OF THE DIOCESE OF DES MOINES, DES MOINES, IOWA.

Are in need of Vocations in their work. They have one of the largest and best equipped Hospitals in the Middle West. Also contemplate teaching. Young ladies who feel called to serve God in this work of Charity may apply to the MOTHER SUPERIOR, MERCY HOSPITAL, DES MOINES, IOWA.

"Making Your Savings Earn More Safely" is the title of our booklet for large and small investors. It is yours for the asking. Write today.

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Academic Course prepares for College or Normal entrance. Grammar and Primary Department for little girls.

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Physical Culture and Athletics under competent teachers.

Campus—15 acres.

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Watch will be delivered on first payment

10c DOWN

And get this Watch on our easy Movie Plan.

For only 10 cents we will deliver to you right off the reel, a real watch, fit for a King—the highest grade watch—a Dueber-Hampden—and at a cost less than you would ordinarily pay for it spot cash. These are no big clumsy 16 size watches. They are the latest and most up-to-date gentleman's 12/0 model, adjusted to 17 or 21 jewels. A regular $22.50 Dueber-Hampden watch.

Send Only 10 Cents

and get a beautiful guaranteed $22.50 Dueber-Hampden watch. Pay the balance on the easy movie plan.

$22.50 on the following remarkable terms

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